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Opposite Depot.
All goods consigned promptly attended to
and remittances made as soon as sold. Ref-
erence—Aylesbury National Bank, Lowell;
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W. J. Baerfield, Prop'r.

This house has just been re-furnished and
fitted up, and is again open for the accom-
modation of the traveling public, and we
shall use our best endeavors to give entire
satisfaction. 22

STEVENS & LIBBEY,
LIVELY STABLE, rear of Trotter House.
Stage to and from all passenger trains. Good
teams, single or double, always ready at
reasonable prices.
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PAID UP CAPITAL \$50,000.
Accepts Deposits, Makes Collections, and
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Master and Solicitor in Chancery.
Collections promptly attended to.
BRADFORD, Vermont

THE TENNESSEE BLACKSMITH.

A STORY OF THE WAR.

Near the cross-roads, not far
from the Cumberland Mountains,
stood the village forge. The smith
was a sturdy man of fifty. He was
respected wherever known for his
stern integrity. He served God
and did not fear man—and it may
be safely added, nor the devil,
either. His courage was proverbial
in the neighborhood and it was
a common remark, when wishing
to pay any person a high compli-
ment to say, "He is as brave as old
Bradley." One night toward the
close of September, as he stood
alone by the anvil plying his labors,
his countenance evinced a
peculiar satisfaction as he brought
his hammer down with a ponderous
stroke on the heated iron. While
blowing the bellows he would
occasionally pause and shake his
head as if communing with
himself. He was evidently medi-
tating upon something of a serious
nature. It was during one of these
pauses that the door was thrown
open, and a pale, trembling figure
staggered into the shop, and, sink-
ing at the smith's feet faintly ejac-
ulated:

"In the name of Jesus, protect
me!"

As Bradley stooped down to
raise the prostrate form, three men
entered, the foremost one exclaim-
ing:

"We've treed him at last! There
he is—seize him!" and as he spoke
he pointed at the crouching figure.

The others advanced to obey the
order, but Bradley suddenly arose,
seized the sledge hammer, and
brandishing it about his head as if
it were a sword, exclaimed:

"Back! Touch him not; or by
the grace of God I'll brain ye!"

They hesitated, and stepped
backward, not wishing to encoun-
ter the sturdy smith for his counte-
nance plainly told them that he
meant what he said.

"Do you give shelter to an abo-
litionist?" fiercely shouted the lea-
der.

"I give shelter to a weak, de-
fenceless man," replied the smith.

"He is an enemy!" vociferated
the leader.

"Of the devil!" ejaculated Brad-
ley.

"He is a spy! an abolitionist
hound!" exclaimed the leader with
increased vehemence; "and we
must have him. So I tell you, Brad-
ley, you had better not interfere.

You know you are already
suspected, and if you insist upon
sheltering him, it will confirm it."

"Suspected? Suspected of what?"
exclaimed the smith, in a firm tone,
riveting his gaze upon the speaker.

"Why, of adhering to the North!"
was the reply.

"Adhering to the North!" ejacu-
lated Bradley, as he cast his defiant
glances at the speaker. "I ad-
here to no North!" he continued;

"I adhere to my country—my whole
country—and will, so help me God!
so long as I have breath," he ad-
ded, as he brought the sledge ham-
mer to the ground with great force.

"You had better let us have him,
Bradley, without further trouble.
You are only risking your own
neck by your interference."

"Not so long as I have life to de-
fend him," was the answer. Then,
pointing toward the door he con-
tinued, "Leave my shop!" And as
he spoke he again raised the
sledge hammer.

They hesitated a moment, but
the firm demeanor of the smith
aved them into compliance with
the order.

"You'll regret this in the morning,"
Bradley said the leader as he re-
treated.

"Go!" was the reply of the smith
as he pointed toward the door.
Bradley followed them mence-
ing to the entrance of the shop,
and watched them until they dis-
appeared from sight down the
road. When he turned to go back
into the shop he was met by the
fugitive, who grasping his hand,
exclaimed:

"Oh! how shall I ever be able
to thank you, Mr. Bradley?"

is a party made up who intend to
cross the mountains and join the
Union forces in Kentucky. They
were to start tonight. They have
provisions for the journey, and will
gladly share with you."

At this moment a young girl en-
tered the shop, and hurriedly said:
"Father, what is the trouble to-
night? Her eye falling upon the
fugitive she approached him, and
in a sympathizing tone continued:

"Ah! Mr. Peters, has your turn
come so soon?"

This was Mattie. She was a
fine, rosy girl, just past her eight-
eenth birthday and the sole daugh-
ter of Bradley's home and heart.
She was his all—his wife had been
dead five years. He turned toward
her and in a mild, but firm tone
said:

"Mattie you must conduct Mr.
Peters to the rendezvous immedi-
ately, and then return and we will
call at the parsonage to cheer his
family. No time is to be lost. The
bloodthirsty fiends are upon the
track; they have scented their prey
and will not rest until they have
secured him. They may return
much sooner than we expect. So
haste, daughter, and God bless ye!"

This was not the first time that
Mattie had been called upon to per-
form such an office. She had safe-
ly conducted several Union men
who had been hunted from their
homes and sought shelter with her
father, to the place designated,
from whence they made their escape
across the mountains into Ken-
tucky. Turning to the fugitive she
said:

"Come, Mr. Peters, do not stand
on ceremony, but follow me."

She left the shop and proceeded
but a short distance up the road,
and then turned off into a by path
through a strip of woods closely
followed by the fugitive. A brisk
walk of half an hour brought them
to a small house that stood alone
in a secluded spot. Here Mattie
was received with a warm welcome
by several men, some of whom
were engaged in running bullets,
while others were cleaning their
rifles and fowling pieces. The lady
of the house, a hale woman of forty,
was busily stuffing the wallets of
the men with biscuit. The fugi-
tive, who was known to two or
three of the party, was received in
a bluff, frank spirit of kindness by
all, saying that they would make
him chaplain of the Tennessee re-
giment when they got to Kentucky.

When Mattie was about to re-
turn home two of the party pre-
pared to accompany her, but she pro-
tested, warning them of the danger,
as the enemy were doubtless abroad
in search of the minister. But, not-
withstanding they insisted, and ac-
companied her until she reached
her father's shop. Mattie hurried
on, but was somewhat surprised
upon reaching the shop to find it
vacant. She hastened to the house
but her father was not there. As
she returned to the shop she
thought she could hear the noise
of horse's hoofs clattering down
the road. She listened, but the
sound soon died away. Going into
the shop she blew the fire into a
blaze, then beheld that the things
were in great confusion and that
spots of blood were upon the
ground. She was now convinced
that her father had been seized and
carried off, but not without a strug-
gle on his part.

As Mattie stood gazing at the
marks of blood, a wagon contain-
ing two persons drove up, and one
of whom, an athletic young man of
five and twenty years, got out and
entered the shop.

"Good evening, Mattie, where is
your father?" he said. Then ob-
serving the demeanor of the girl he
continued "Why Mattie, what all
you? What has happened?"

The young girl's heart was too
full for her tongue to give utter-
ance, and throwing herself upon
the shoulder of the young man she
sobbingly exclaimed:

"They have carried him off! Don't
you see the blood?"

"Have they dared to lay hands
on your father? The infernal
wretches!"

Mattie recovered herself suffi-
ciently to narrate the events of the
evening. When she had finished
he exclaimed:

"Oh, that I should live to see the
day that old Tennessee should be
thus disgraced! Here, Joe!"

At this the other person in the
wagon alighted and entered the
shop. He was a stalwart negro.

"Joe, would you like your free-
dom?" continued the young man.

"Well, Massa John, I wouldn't
like very much to leave you, but
den I see like to be a free man."

Joe, the white race have main-
tained their liberty by their valor.
Are you willing to fight for your
Ay, fight to the death?"

"I see fight for yours any time
Massa John."

"I believe you, Joe. But I have
desperate work on hand to-night,
and I do not want you to engage in
it without a prospect of reward.
If I succeed I will make you a free
man. It is a matter of life and
death—will you go?"

"I will, Massa."

"Then kneel down and swear be-
fore the everliving God that, if you
fall or shrink the danger, you
may be assigned to everlasting
fire."

"I swear, Massa," said the negro
kneeling. "And I hope that the
Almighty may strike me dead if I
don't go wid you through water
and ery thing!"

"I am satisfied, Joe," said his mas-
ter, then turning to the young girl,
who had been a mute spectator of
this singular scene he continued:

"Now Mattie, you get in the wagon
and I'll drive down to the par-
sonage, and you remain with Mrs.
Peters and the children until I
bring you some intelligence of your
father."

While the steady old blacksmith
was awaiting the return of his
daughter, the party that he had re-
pulsed, returned with increased
numbers and demanded the minis-
ter. A fierce quarrel ensued, which
resulted in their seizing the smith
and carrying him off. They con-
veyed him to a tavern half a mile
distant from the shop, and there
he was arraigned before what was
termed a vigilance committee.

The committee met in a long
room on the ground floor, dimly
lighted by a lamp which stood upon
a small table in front of the chair-
man. In about half an hour after
Bradley's arrival he was placed
before the chairman for examina-
tion. The man's arms were pinion-
ed, but he cast a defiant look upon
those around him.

"Bradley, this is a grave charge
against you. What have you to
say?" said the chairman.

"What authority have you to
ask?" demanded the smith, fiercely
eyeing his interrogator.

"The authority of the people of
Tennessee," was the reply.

"I deny it."

"Your denial amounts to nothing.
You are accused of harboring an
abolitionist, and the penalty of that
act, you know, is death. What
have you to say to that charge?"

"I say that it is a lie, and that he
who utters such charges against
me is a scoundrel!"

"Simpson," said the chairman to
the leader of the band that had cap-
tured Bradley and who now appear-
ed with a bandage about his head
to bind up a wound which was the
result of a blow from the fist of
Bradley. "Simpson, what have
you to say?"

The leader then stated that he
had traced the preacher to the
blacksmith's shop and that Brad-
ley had resisted his arrest and that
upon their return he could not be
found, and that the prisoner refus-
ed to give any information concern-
ing him.

"Do you hear that, Mr. Bradley?"
asked the chairman.

"I do. What of it?" was the re-
ply.

"Is it true?"

"Yes."

"Where is the preacher?"

"That is none of your business."

"Mr. Bradley, this tribunal is not
to be insulted with impunity. I
again demand to know where Mr.
Peters is."

"No."

"Mr. Bradley, it is well known
that you are not only a member,
but an exhorter in Mr. Peters'
church, and therefore some little
excuse is to be made for your zeal
in defending him. He is from the
North, and has long been suspect-
ed, and is now accused of being an
abolitionist and a very dangerous
man. You do not deny sheltering
him, and refusing to give him up.
If you persist in this you must take
the consequences. I ask you for
the last time if you will inform us
of his whereabouts?"

"And again I answer no."

"Mr. Bradley, there is also another
serious charge against you, and
your conduct in this instance con-
firms it. You are accused of giving
comfort to the enemies of your
country. What have you to say
to that?"

"I say that it is false, and that
he who makes it is a villain!"

merits for me the name of traitor,
then I am proud of it. I have been
for the Union, am still for the
Union, and will be for the Union
while life shall last!"

At these words the chairman
grasped a pistol that lay upon the
table before him, and the bright
blade of Simpson's bowie knife
glittered near Bradley's breast; but
before he could make the fatal
plunge a swift winged messenger of
death laid him dead at the feet of
his intended victim, while another,
at the same instant, plunged into
the heart of the chairman, and he
fell forward over the table, extin-
guishing the light and leaving all
in darkness. Confusion reigned;
the inmates of the room were panic
stricken.

In the midst of the consterna-
tion a firm hand rested upon Brad-
ley's shoulder; his bonds were se-
vered, and he hurried out of the open
window. He was again a free man
but was hastened forward into the
woods at the back of the tavern
and through them to a road a quar-
ter of a mile distant, then into a
wagon and rapidly driven off. In
half an hour the smith made one of
the party at the rendezvous that
was to start at midnight across the
mountains.

"John," said the smith, as he
grasped the hand of his rescuer,
while his eyes glistened, and a tear
coarsed down his furrowed cheek,
"I should like to see Mattie before
I go."

"You shall," was the reply.

In another hour the blacksmith
clasped his daughter to his bosom.
It was an affecting scene—there
in that lone house in the wilderness,
surrounded by men who had been
driven from their homes for their
attachment to the principles for
which the patriot fathers fought
and died—the sturdy old smith, a
type of the heroes of other days,
pressing his daughter to his breast,
while the tears coursed down his
furrowed cheeks.

He felt that perhaps it was to
be his last embrace, for his reso-
lute heart had resolved to sacrifice
his all upon the altar of his country,
and he would no longer watch over
the safety of his only child. Was
she to be the mercy of the par-
tial wretches who were destroy-
ing the country that had given them
birth, nursed them in their infancy,
and opened a wide field for them to
display the abilities with which na-
ture has endowed them?

"Mr. Bradley," said his rescuer,
after a short pause, "as you leave
the State, it will be necessary, in
these troublesome times for Mattie
to have a protector, and I had
thought that our marriage had bet-
ter take place to-night."

"Well, John, I shall not object if
Mattie is willing," said he, as he re-
linquished his embrace, and gazing
with a fond look at the one who
was so dear to him.

"Oh, we arranged all that as we
came along," replied the young man.
Mattie blushed but said nothing.

In a short time the hunted down
minister was called upon to per-
form a marriage service in that
lone house. It was an impressive
scene. Yet no diamonds glittered
upon the neck of the bride; no
pearls looped up her tresses; but a
pure love glowed within her heart
as she gave utterance to a vow
which was registered in heaven.

Soon after the ceremony Brad-
ley bade his daughter and her hus-
band an affectionate farewell, and
set out with his friends to join
others who had been driven from
their homes and were now rallying
under the old flag to fight for the
Union, and, as they said, "Redeem
our Tennessee."

Doctor X. is as bad a hunter as
his physician, but this does not
prevent him regularly as the hunt-
ing season comes round from spend-
ing a fortnight in the fields with
his dog and gun. "And that's the
only period of the year when he
doesn't kill any thing," said one of
his colleagues, kindly.

"One consolation in being rich is
to know that if our daughters can't
find American husbands, money will
hire some rascals, knock-kneed
old count to take them off your
hands."—[Detroit Free Press.

Mr. Talmage says: "Wherever
the Bible you find a man who
has more than one wife you find him
hip up to his neck in trouble."

The name of the new British
minister at Washington is Bille,
but the Binghamton Republican
leaves that out of respect for his
position Secretary Evans addresses
him as William.

It was the opinion of B. Arnold
on his dying day that he was dis-
honestly counted out.—[Elmira
Free Press.

Just imagine George Washington
wearing a single-barreled eye-glass.
—[Ex. And just imagine Ben
Butler wearing a powdered wig
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Incident of the Rebellion.

A battery of the first artillery
halted one night during the seven
days fight, in a little clearing. The
men lay down, unbolting their
horses, but leaving them in har-
ness. The first sergeant, now an
honored officer of the third artillery,
told me he got up and walked to-
ward one side of the clearing. He
was halted and turned back by a
sentinel. Going toward the other
side he was again challenged.

"Who comes there?"

The voice struck him, He replied,
"Friend," and said, "What regi-
ment is that?"

The answer came, "Seventh Ala-
bama."

"What regiment is that on the
other side?"

"Fifth Georgia," replied the sen-
tinel.

"What battery is that?"

Here was a situation. The ser-
geant naturally didn't know the
name of a battery in the rebel army.
Hesitation would have been fatal.
By a lucky inspiration, he replied,
"One of Stuart's batteries," know-
ing that Jeb Stuart commanded
their cavalry.

"Oh, said the other, 'then you's
a loss battery?'"

"Yes," said C. "Good night."
He immediately awoke the cap-
tain, who rather angrily said,
"What the deuce is the matter now?"

"Excuse me, captain," said the
sergeant, "but we are encamped
between a Georgia and an Ala-
bama regiment."

It is needless to say that the cap-
tain got up. Horses were hitched
quietly, and the battery withdrew
from between the sleeping regi-
ments, who never knew of the
prize that was within their grasp.

Just Where He Had Em.

Half an hour before the depart-
ure of a lake steamer from her
wharf yesterday the Captain was
approached by a stranger who had
been inspecting the boat from the
dock for the last ten minutes. In-
troducing himself as a would-be
passenger, he asked:

"Captain is this boat provided
with life-preservers?"

"She is."

"Are they all right?"

"They are."

"Can the crew launch a life-boat?"

"They can."

"Is your life-raft all right?"

"It is."

"Is the fire-hose all ready for in-
stant service?"

"It is."

"Will your engineer stand to his
post in